MY CHILD.

I cannot make him dead ! His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Fet, when my eyes, now dim
With scars, I turn to bim,
The vison vanishes—he is not there i

I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open dear,
a footfall on the chamber stair.
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
then bothink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowled streets;
A salcheled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my cys.
And scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid Under the coffin lid, Closed are his eyes; cold his forchead fair; My hand that marbie felt; O'sr it in prayer I knot; Yet my heart whispers—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the head
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek him inquiringly
Before the thought comes that he is not
there!

When at the cool, gray break
Of day from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up with joy
To him who gave my boy;
Then come: the sad thought that—he is not
there!

Before we seek repose.

Pm with his mother offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though he is not there!

Not there! Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment he used to wear;
The grave that new doth press
Up a that east-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked—he is not there!

He lives! In all the past
He lives; nor to the last
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now,
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written "Thon shall see him there!"

Yes, we all live to God!

Pather, thy chastening red
Bo help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,

That in the spirit-land,

Meeting at thy right hand,

Twill be our heaven to find that—he is there!

REV. JOHN PIEHFONT.

A Tale of Rue.

BY PENN SHIRLBY,

Of all the tired passengers of the midnight express bound eastward over the Old Colony road, perhaps there was not one more thoroughly used up than John Coleman, Esq., of the law firm of Coleman & Riggs, Ashland, Massachusetts, From the morning of November 1, when he had started for San Francisco, till the evening of this December 1, he had been constantly on the wing. To aggravate his fatigue, the trip, in a business view, had been highly unsatisfactory, if not unnecessary.

nnnecessary.
But as he drew nearer home his seow vanished and the lines about his firm mouth softened. Stretching his long suffering limbs across the seat, he spread suffering limbs across the seat, he spread the Evening Journal between his ach-ing eyes and the glare of the bobbing lamps and indulged in tender specula-tions. How would Rue look when he appeared before her next morning, two appeared before her next morning, and days earlier than he had promised? She might be watering her plants in the bay window and he would walk in nonchalantly, as if he had left her the evening before, and say, "Good morning, Bue," and she would drop her watering pot and rush toward him, all smiles and blushes, crying, "Oh, John! John! how glad I am to see you! how I have

Dear, warm-herrted, impulsive little. Rue! She certainly was fond of him. He wished he had never been such a brute as to reproach her about Mr. Lynde. He was convinced now that she had not really cared for the fellow. She had not really cared for the fellow. She had only been cordial with him in her free, girlish way. What charming, inimitable ways she had! The lover's reverie merged into a dream. Mr. Coleman was unconscious of the slacking up of the train at B—, and of the entrance of two young gentlemen into the seat in front; but the name of Miss Rue Haywood, spoken almost in his ear, aroused him like an electric shock.

"Mr. Lynde is bewitched with her, that's plain," continued the voice. "He's beying a fine time out of Coleman's ab-

having a fine time out of Coleman's ab-

"Pinperfect," said an answering voice,
"They say Miss Bue wouldn't mind
Coleman's taking himself off for good,"
"He's an able man. You know there's

"He's an able man. You know there's talk of running him for Congress."
"Oh, yes; he's 'a dig,' and all that; out he's a crochety fellow. Makes Miss Rue walk Spanish, I hear. By-the-way, how are she and Mr. Lynde coming on with the operatta? I had to out last re-

hearsal."
"Famously. Miss Rue's solo will bring down the house. Lynde thinks the entertainment will foot up at least one hundred dollars toward the new organ. He's jubilant. I believe that instrument comes next to Miss Rus in

nis affections. Can't he get the music out of it, though? Halloo, here's Ash-

Wincing beneath his newspaper, Mr. Coleman recognized the voices as these of two college students retarring from a lecture at B.— Forgetful at last of travel-stain, weariness, and headache

he waited till the youths had left the car, and then waiked out at the opposite end, his whole energies engressed in weighing the evidence so gratuitously afforded. How far could be rely on current gossip? What attitude should he assume toward Rue? Morning found him undecided. He must be governed by Rue's own manner. As a test of her feelings toward him he would sak her for his aske to withdraw from the openfor his sake to withdraw from the operotta. If she loved him she would do
this cheerfully. If she would not do it
—Mr. Geteman had not provided for the
jatter contingency when Bridget ushered
him into Mr. Haywood's parior. Miss
Roz and Mr. Lynde were practicing a
dnot for the operetts, both too rapt to
observe the intruder—a fact inexplicable
on musical greands to poor Mr. Cole
man, who did not know the notes aper,
or care to know them. According to
his inference, the young people were ab-

sorbed in each other, and he was off in limbo. Under these circumstances it may not be strange that his face, that

may not be strange that his face, that obtaint spied by Miss Rue, was not the face of an amiable man. It promptly reminded Mr. Lynde of a waiting pupil, and having congratulated Mr. Coleman on his safe return, he hustled his music under his arm and departed in haste.

Miss Rue wheeled the big easy-chair in front of the grate, playfully forced her sullen suitor into it, and perched herself on its arm to hear about his journey. Had he been ill? No? Then he must be fearfully tired. She knew his head ached. Shouldn't she try to maghead ached. Shouldn't she try to mag-

netise it, and put him to sleep?

No, he preferred that she should not.
He had kept his eyes closed too long

As well might a zephyr have attempted to pet an iceberg. With a shiver Miss Rue slipped from her perch, and seated herself with her work in a neighboring rocker. What had come over John? She had never seen him like this before. He did not seem a bit glad to meet her. He turned away from the meet her. He turned away from the distracting vision, mentally preparing his brief—this astute lawyer, as ignorant of the nature of a girl as an elephant of the structure of a rose. Presently he began about the festival. He admitted that Rue had once confided to him her intention of participating in an operetta, but he had supposed an operetta to be something like an oratorio, not a jumble of sill, love songs. Did she think it becoming in herself, an eneaged young lady, to carol amorous ditgaged young lady, to carol amorous dit-ties from morning to night with a tune-

"They are burlesques, John—only burlesques. If I had dreamed of your disapproving I wouldn't have promised to sing ; but I can't retract now. "Not when I particularly request it

Rue?"
"Indeed, no, John. I have the leading part. I can't refuse to act without offending Mr. Lynde."
"On the other hand, you can't persist in acting without offending me."
"Now, John, do be reasonable. How should I feel, announcing at the next rehearsal that I must be excused—Mr. Coleman was not willing to have me

sonnected with the operatia? What would Mr. Lynde think?"

"Oh, if his opinion has more weight with you than mine, I will retire."

"John, you're too absurd. Can't you see how ridiculous it would look for me to throw he was read the to throw up my part the moment you come home? People would say you were jealous of Mr. Lynde."
"The jackanapes!"

"And that you were a Blue-beard.
John, I'm not sure but they'd be right.
"If I'm a tyrant, Rufelle, you're an amazingly fearless Fatima."
"I don't propose to be your Fatima,

What did Rue intend by that? The wrinkle in Mr. Coleman's forehead wrinkle in Mr. Coleman's forehead despened into a trench, his brown face finshed like an oak in October.

"Please lay aside paradoxes, Rufelle. Do you mean you don't wish to marry me. Rumor has told me as much."

In truth Miss Rue had meant nothing

of the kind, but her lover's insulting of the kind, but her lover's insulting tone exasperated her into silence. Had it come to this, that she could not wink without first consulting his lordship? Her blue eyes flashed ominously, the steel hook in her fingers darted in and out of her crocheting with a murderous

"Rumor has told me as much,"
"Rumor has told me as impressive peated Mr. Coleman, as impressively as if he had been addressing a jury.

"And you let people talk about me, John, and listen to what they say!"

"I might have known that a girl who would not respect my dignity could not

would not respect my dignity could not value my esteem. Tyrant or not, Rufelle, at least I've no desire to rivet galling fetters. Henceforth you are free to smile upon Mr. Lynde or ony other gen

Had he omitted the last sentonce, af-fectionate, kindly little Rue could even then have "made up" with John, but this was too much for her temper. Snatching the golden circlet from her engagement finger, she flung it at her lover, with cheeks aflame.

"Take back your ring," cried she.

"the girl who wears it should be a saint or a simpleton, and I'm neither. Goodby, John."

by, John."

Auburn head creet, chin in air, she swept out of the room with all the state-liness possible to a slight girl of five feet two. She felt hers ito be a right-cousindignation. John had no reason—no earthly reason—to treat her so. She would not personate patient Griselda for the amusement of the village.

"John wants to bend the whole world to his will," mused she, angrily, peeping through her chamber blind as he stalked away chewing his black moustache; "he wents to bend the whole world to his will, and I won't be bent. Our engagement is broken, and I'm glad of it."

For full fifteen minutes she was un-

For full fifteen minutes ahe was un-

For full fifteen minutes also was unequivocally glad.

John Coleman thought that he too was glad. Walking fiercely on, he squared his broad shoulders, and told himself that the engagement had been a mistake—an error of judgment. A grave, self-made man of thirty abould have been wiser than to trust his happiness to the keeping of a gay, capricious maiden. Why had he been so dotingly fond of the child, so hoodwinked by her coquetries? Blind, driveiling idiot that he was, the sconer he was buried again in the law the better. The man's soni was

in the law the better. The man's soul was not within him. He reviewed his lonely, joyous orphanhood, his sharp tussie with the world to wring from it his present competence. Not until the latter had been secured had he allowed himself to think of marrying this bright young leanty, who as a school-girl, had first captivated his imagination. To have asked Bus Haywood to become his wife while he had no adequate means for her support would have been in his opinion destardly and contemplible. No; he had awaited the time when he could offer her a name and a position. He had wood her honorably, and from that day to this had hardly so much as gianced at any other girl. That he had not wanted to giance at any other girl had no bearing whatever upon the case, yet the Issyer's stern eye moistened as he thought of the three months of happiness which had been his before this brilliant new organist appeared upon the scene with the graces and accom-

plishments admired by ladies, and scorned by himself, matter-of-fact John Coleman. From the outset he had distrusted the winsome galiant's influence over Rue, with what reason the sequel had proved.

That night Mr. Coleman had a chillno metaphorical heart ague, but a genu-ine physical, bone-shaking rigor that demanded blankets and hot bricks and

a heroic dose of quinine,
"He's caught malaria from some of those confounded bog-holes," said the doctor aside to the landiord. "Unless we break it up, he's in for a fever. See that he has a good nurse. I'll be round

in the morning."

The landlord himself sat up with the patient, and a busy night he had till laybreak, when Mr. Coleman sank into a drowse. The weary watcher improved this opportunity to steal away for a nap, and sent his son to take his place by the bedside. After an hour's sleep the sick man awoke refreshed, the ringing in his cars greater, but the throbbing of his temples less, the pain in his limbs no longer absolutely unbearable.

"Heigho! that you, Harry?" he said, catching sight of the boy munching an apple for entertainment. "Where were you when I came home last night? I

didn't see you."

"At St. Mark's, sir, blowing the organ.

Mr. Lynde has hired me for the quarter."

"Oh, he has, has he?" Mr. Coleman turned over in bed, and scowled at the smoky lamp chimney. Soon he flopped onck again, "Do you like this Lynds fellow, Harry?"

"Tip-top; everybody does." Mr. Coleman groaned,

"Is the pain coming on again, sir?"
Can I do anything for you?"
"Nothing, thank you, my boy; I'm
pretty essentially done for. I'd like to
hear you talk, though. Tell me what's
happened while I've been away. What's this Lynde been up to?"

"Oh, he's been flying round, you'd better believe." "Been doing a stiff business, I supcose, driving out with the ladies?"

"He's been driving out with Miss Haywood some. I haven't seen him with anybody else."
The invalid suppressed another groan.
"They've been looking at dishes and curtains and things."

Mr. Coleman rose savagely upon his elbow. This was ten thousand times worse than he had dreamed.

"The story I've heard, then, is true, Harry: Mr. Lynde is going to be married."

"Why, how did you know, Mr. Coleman? He said it was a secret. He let me go all over his house yesterday—he's hired Lunt's cottage, corner of Vine street—and things shine, I tell you. You just ought to see those carpets, Miss Haywood helped him pick 'em out. The other woman don't suspect a thing."

"Why, the woman Mr. Lynds is go-"Why, the woman Mr. Lynde is going to marry. She lives down in Maine. She thinks after the wedding on Christmas she's coming with Mr. Lynde to his boarding-house; but instead of that, sir, he's going to fetch her right home to this bully cottage. I'll bet she'll be surprised."

Mr. Coleman dropped back upon the

Mr. Coleman dropped back upon the pillow with an expression a Raphael might have despaired of reproducing. He lay there a few minutes reflecting, then sat bolt-upright, his towel-girt head in bold relief against the mahogany head-board.

"Blow out the lamp, Harry, please, draw up the curtains, and hand me my writing-deak there on the table. I'll give you a dollar if you'll carry a mes-sage to Miss Haywood for me this morn-

"Bless my sonl, Coleman, you're as tough as a pine knot!" exclaimed the doctor, bolting in as his patient scaled the note. "You had ague enough last night to shake a sensitive mortal into the grave, and here you're up and at-tending to business. Let's feel your pulse. Rapid yet, but softer. If you're orudent you'll be out in a few days."

Harry rushed off on his errand, and delivered Mr. Coleman's billet into the hands of Miss Rue herself, who in his private opinion looked very sober and red-eyed.

"Dear Rue" (thus ran the missive)—
"I've been having a very bad chill, one of the bona fide castanet order. I hope you'll do me the favor to believe it was you'll do me the favor to believe it was coming on at your house. If I raved furiously and behaved worse than a savage, as I know I did, do forgive me, dear. I'm coming to beg pardon on my knees as soon as they are firm enough. Inclosed please find your ring. Ever thine,

thine, "P. S.—Don't on any account with-draw from the operatta."

"Poor dear soul, how ill he must have been !" mused loving little Rue, slipping the cherished ring back upon her finger.
"But I hope he im't going to be subject to these chills," she added, with a doleful lock. "I do hope he isn't, for the sake of both of us."—Harper's Russer. Basar.

Wonders Nover Cease.

Frof. C. Donaldson, New Orleans, Lia., proprietor of Museums, who suffered eighteen years with rneumstic pains, states he has spent ten thousand dollars to get cured. After trying doctors, famous baths, electric appliances and legions of liminents without relief, he tried St. Jacobs Oil, which completely cured him. It is a wonderful remedy, he says, and he has sold his crutches.

ONE LANGUAGE WELL EXPRESSED.—
Conversation heard on a horse-car.
Young woman to more mature companion of the same sex—"Yes, my husband speaks five languages. I wish I knew them too." More mature companion—"My dear, when you have been married a little longer, you will find one language amply sufficient. If you can only make your husband understand what you mean in that, you will have quite enough to do." Young woman becomes thoughtful.

ciles of power in either sex, speedly and per-manastly cured. Large book, three latter clarge. Commitation from World's Dispen-mry Medical Association, Buffalo, N. X. Paper peach-tankets are used in Maryland

"Yes, and she'd be the belle of the town if

"Yes, and she'd be the balls of the town if it wasn't for one thing."
"What's that?"
"She has estarrh so had it is unpleasant to be near ber. She has tried a down things and nothing helps her. I am sorry, for I like her, but that doesn't make it any less desagreeable for each to be around her.

Now, if she had used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, there would have been nothing of the kind said, for it will cure catarrh every time.

Charity:-A service that the receiver should encember and the giver forget.

Ask for Wells "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bun-

Conversation:—The idle man's business and the business man's recreation.

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Now is the time to prevent and cure Skin Diseases, and to secure a white, soft and beautiful complexion use "Billion's Anguaric Algua Sulphin Boar." 22 cents by Druggist, or by mail. Wm. Dreydoppel, Philadelphia, Pa.

If your hands cannot be usefully employed, stend to the cultivation of your mind.

Use Dickey's Indian Blood and Liver Pilla. The Best made.

Some one says, "the smoking car must go." This is certainly true if it is coupled onto an

Mrs. A. M. Dauphin, a Quaker lady, of Philadelphia, has done a great deal to make known to ladies there the great value of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as a cure for their troubles and diseas. She writes as follows: "A young lady of this city while bathing some years ago was thrown violently against the life line and the injuries received resulted in an ovarian tumor which grew and enlarged until death seemed certain. Her physician finally advised her to try Mrs. Pinkham's Compound. She did so and in short time the tumor was dissolved or caused to slough off, and she is now in perfect health. also know of many cases where the medicine has been of great value in preventing miscarriage and alleviating the pains and dangers of childhirth. Philadelphia ladies approxiate the worth of this medicine and its

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will be a reminder of personal liberty for ages to come. On just as sure a foundation has Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" been placed, and it will stand through the cycles of time as a monument to the physical emancipation of thousands, who by its use have been relieved from consumption, consumptive night-sweats, bronchits, coughs, spitting of blood, weak lungs, and other throat and lung affections.

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Lowell: No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him.

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Clears out rate, mice, roaches, files, ants, bedhugs, skunks, chipmonks, gopiers. 18c. Druggists.

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Two bottles of your Cream Balm for Catarrh-since Precember. A sore in my nostril—the canse of much suffs.ing—has entirely healed; have used no other medicine. This spring I feel better, can walk zend sort with more case than I have in any spring since 1861.—Mary E. Ware, Hopeful, Va.

Good company and good conversation are the only sincers of virtue.

I Am on My Second Bettle
of Ely's Cream Baim, being a sufferer from
estarrh since I was a child, but with this medicine I am being cured.—Wm. L. Dayton,
Breedign.

Confucins: To die well one must first learn

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Having experienced a great deal of "Trouble!" from indigention, so much as Life!

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My trouble always came after eating my

However light
And digmubble,
For two or three hours at a time I had to
a through most
Exeruciating pains,
"And the only way I ever got"
"Relief"

"Steiner"
Was by throwing up all my stomach contained. No one can conceive the pain that I had to go through, nutil
"At last?"

"At last?" I was taken! "So that for three weeks I lay in bed and.

Could eat nothing! My sufferings were so that I called two doctors to give me something that would stop the pain; that?

Efforia were no good to me.

At last I heard a good deal.
"About your Hop Ritters!

And determined to try them."

Got a botile—in four hours took the case tents of

One! Next day I was out of bed, and here need

Next day I was been a "Rick!"
Hour, from the same cause since.
I have recommended it to hundreds of others. You have no such "Advocate as I am." George Kendall, Aliston, Roston, Mass.
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